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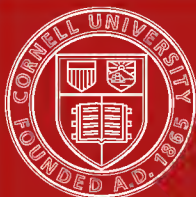
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RUSKIN'S LETTERS.

LETTERS
FROM
JOHN RUSKIN
TO
REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE, M.A.

Edited by Thomas J. Wise.



VOLUME II.

London . Privately Printed.
1896.

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LETTERS.

VOL. II

B

LETTERS
TO
REV. J. P. FAUNTHORPE.



LETTER XLIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[December 2nd, 1881.]

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

I'm *quite* certain you told me yourself you had told the Queen she wasn't to expect an answer. I hear great things of *King John*. I like there being no dressing, but a blue ribbon and a paper crown. But Joanie—that's Mrs. Severn—says "It's a tebbv

(terrible) play," and that's what I say too. I hope the books have reached you before now. It's a shame of the railways to carry passengers like Flying Dutchmen, and shunt my books into the damp for a week.

Large photos would give those coins well for the historical lecture.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

It's all nonsense about my library.*

* There had appeared sundry paragraphs in the newspapers to the effect that Mr. Ruskin was about to dispose of his Library

LETTER XLV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[December 4th, 1881.]

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

I sent off some more books yesterday (rubbish, compared to the former box) which may be useful in a rubbishy way. The *Orvieto* is entirely vile, yet contains at least the series of subjects so as to explain the sculptor's intention and industry. And the Gray's Botany outlines are, I have no doubt, very good as diagrams, though as drawings their vulgar thickening of outline on the dark side makes them worthless, and, if much looked at, mischievous.

There is, however, an old genealogy book which contains outlines of old towns, always curious and often characteristic, and, as records of destroyed buildings, very valuable. I valued this book, but practically find that I never use it, and your good Historical Lecturer sometimes may.

That the lecture on Botany, and the study of it, should both be 'luxuries' is precisely what I have been trying to enforce. Botany, as now taught by its popular preachers, is no pleasure but only a dirty curiosity.

I am going to try to get for Miss Kemms, Humboldt and Bonpland's *Mimosas*—a miracle of quiet tenderness and perfect art, without a shadow of vanity, insolence, or vulgar investigation. If I can't get it for you, I'll bring it up to town and lend it you while I stay.

I've just got your nice letter about the prizes, etc. You *can* help me, I do

not know to what extent, by, for one thing, colouring outlines of painted glass, etc. for *Our Fathers have told us*. In ornamental needlework, Miss Stanley has had a commission now about three years!—the letter J of *Jeremiah* in my old Bible.

LETTER XLVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 6th, 1881.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

It is a great joy to me to know that you like *The Queen of the Air*. I shall be so thankful for your revise of it. In the point of original power of thought it leads all my books. My Political Economy is all in Xenophon and Marmontel; my principles of Art were the boy's alphabet in Florence; but the Greeks themselves scarcely knew all that their imaginations taught them of eternal truth; and the discovery of the function of Athena as

the Goddess of the Air is, among moderns, absolutely I believe my own. I *meant* to have written a Mythology for both girls and boys, but it is playing with thunder, and after being twice struck mad—whether for reward or punishment I cannot tell—I must venture no more.

It is all nonsense, what you hear of 'overwork' as the cause of my two illnesses. I've been thrown into fever and dyspepsia and threatening of paralysis by overwork often and often, but these two times of delirium were both periods of extreme mental *energy* in perilous directions.

I've sent you two books to-day, that are worth your having. The first, almost the wisest I ever read, lively, and full of what I should think all the governesses would like for stirring curiosity. My marks are all through it. I've got another copy for myself, which I shall mark at next reading.

The other is—I don't know what, for I can't read it, and don't know even its right way upwards! * So I am ashamed to have it among my books any more, but I think with its pretty silken cover, binding and all, it is just the thing to show your girls what sort of a thing a Book should be! They might do much prettier ones themselves with home-made paper, and studies of English flowers, and beautiful writing of things for ever true.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

* The Koran.

LETTER XLVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
December 9th, 1881.

MY DEAR PRINCIPAL,

I send you a box to-day containing parts 1—10 and part 12 of Gould's *Birds of New Guinea*. They may serve to astonish some of your little birds, and are only in my way here. I took them to please the old man, and shall continue to take them for his sake, sending you the numbers as they are issued.

With them come fifteen more plates for your 'box.' They are fine impressions of twelve of Dürer's wood-

cuts from the *Life of the Virgin*, and eight of his small engravings of the *Passion*. Dürer has the universal German fault of being better able to engrave Thorn than Flower-crowns.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XLVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
Shortest day, 1881.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

It is ever so sweet of you to write me such a lovely letter, and ever so sweet of the girls to send me that perfectly arabesqued and dainty document of gratitude. But the sad fact is that all these comfortings and caresses are like the kiss and song to the *Talking Oak*,* supposing him a good deal more wrinkled and weather-beaten than *that* one was. You couldn't comfort Dr. Johnson in Lichfield market place by observing that he

* Tennyson's *Talking Oak*.

had made a nice dictionary. And the girlies might as well thank the gasometer at —— wherever it is, for lighting the streets for them as *me*! It's my proper business, and doesn't hurt me to do.

But I'm very much pleased with the two letters all the same, and I can't say more to-day but that I'm to you all

Your faithful and
Affectionate servant,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER XLIX.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
February 9th, 1882.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I'm going to all manner of wicked plays, and pantomimes, and filling up my days with flirtations instead of coming to see Whitelands, and be lectured by you—so it was just as well you looked after me! But, will you please very solemnly reconsider, and then retract your complaint of my having left you no 'enumeration' in *Proserpina* according to *Botany as it is*. I 'enumerate' with carefulest sequence Root, Stem, Leaf, Calyx,

Corolla, Seedvessel, and Style ; and the book will, if I live, contain such drawings of all these parts as never were given in the world. The analysis of *Fruit* is already carried beyond what has been done before, and includes it. That of *Wood* is coming, and, with the chapters on Vegetation in *Modern Painters*, is also both comprehensive of what has been done, and more than one step in advance of it.

Let me add that the final examination of the parts of plants must follow the particular accounts of the families. I do not choose to examine the calyx of a Veronica without that of a Foxglove, nor either of those without that of a Betony—and so on. And let me add, also, that I would fain consult about my books with you, and many other friends, before printing. But, the books in that case would never be written. I should alter, add, wait, find things out, and write all over again

once a year! I must do the best I
can in the time I have.

Ever again yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER L.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
February 14th, [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

The Lentil note is quite invaluable, and shall be used with due privacy of Doctor's name, but I hope I may gratefully use yours. I was *very* glad to see you last night, the room being for the most part full of strangers. I hear there were two perfectly beautiful girls in the corner out of sight. If I had only seen them I would have concluded the lecture to them—and very differently!

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LI.

[HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.]
March 3rd, 1882.

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I am better, but almost dead for want of sleep and fearful cough; and all my friends are throwing stones through my window, and dropping parcels down the chimney, and shrieking through the keyhole that they must and will see me instantly, and lying in wait for me if I want a breath of fresh air to say their life depends on my instantly superintending the arrangements of their new Chapel, or Museum, or Model Lodging-house, or Gospel

steam engine. And I'm in such a fury at them all that I can scarcely eat. Here's Miss Stanley who sent me word for three years she 'hadn't time,' forsooth! to do a thing I specially asked her to do, and then, when I'm at Death's door, comes begging for the lesson in needlework, which of all difficult and bothering things on earth would be to me the most difficult in my full health. If the Duke of Wellington were ill, would she expect him to give her drawing lessons for recreation? In Heaven's name, *be quiet* just now!

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LII.

[HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.]
Monday, [March 6th, 1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I am sick, nearly to death. Of all your girls and governesses is there *one* who can buy a small sole, good, and fry it decently? If so, and you can spare her, let her come fish in hand (the bearer will attend her orders), and as soon *as possible*. I've had to turn the cook out of the house, and I don't know where on earth to find a human creature who can dress me a dish of decent meat.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LIII.

[HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
March 7th, 1882.]

*I don't know the day of the
month having been bothered all
the morning!*

MY DEAR MR. FAUNTHORPE,

I have a very heavy domestic grief weighing on me just now ; a disagreement about the way I should manage myself, and, much more, about the way I should manage *her!* *

I cannot, to-day, get a single thing done without remonstrance, and have to write this note to you instead of sending you a plain message because you also trouble me in your own way by

* The cook.

too much gushing and fussing,—and also, I grieve to say, by some expressions of your opinions which, for the present, you will best help me by keeping to yourself. Spare me your sermons, at this moment. I have always said men should be preached to when they are well, not when they are sick. “God takes the text (then) and preacheth Patience.”

Your little student* has succeeded quite beautifully to-day in her proper work. She will tell you herself the result of her cross-examination.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

Miss Stanley’s embroidery is given to Miss Gale to be taken care of till I am able to examine it. My failing eyes could as soon to-day examine the zodiacal light.

* Miss Charlotte Smith, a Whitelands governess.

LETTER LIV.

[HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.]
April 18th, [1882.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I forgot where you had my signature put upon the labels last year. I need not say that I am sorry to have caused all my friends so much worry of various sorts lately. On the other hand the ways of the world, and of my friends with it, very considerably worry *me*, and these acute forms of my own brain-disturbance are greatly caused by the sense of my total inability to make any impression on the brains of other people.

Do not think that I am less earnest

about the May Festival at Whitelands. But I felt last year that there was a great deal too much fuss about it, and that the useful meaning of it as an example to other institutions, not capable of fuss, was thereby lost in a great degree, if not totally.

I have shaken off this third attack, as the former ones, without, so far as I can recognise, any definite injuries to the faculties; but with a sorrowful sense of the shortness of time, which, in all human or divine probability, remains to me for their use.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

P.S. I should have written of the needlework and drawings before my illness came on if I had seen my way to giving useful advice about them. But, like every College and School in England, you are without a drawing master, and *I* don't know where to

find one!—even for my own schools at Oxford since I had to leave them, and virtually I must henceforward leave *all*.

LETTER LV.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
April 23rd, 1882.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I send the labels signed in the corner, where I think it is more orderly. I don't mind how much fuss the girls make among themselves, but I don't like talk of it in papers; it has a look of my using the college to advertise myself. What must be, must be. I never went to any such festivals when I was at my best in health and hope, and have had through life as much dread of being thanked as Mr. Jarn-dyce. My friends must wish for me, during what may remain of life, only

the tranquil power of work in the morning, and rest in the evening, of unvaried and uninterrupted days.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LVI.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
April 25th, [1882.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Your letter to-day much relieves and cheers me, especially the governesses' approval of the signature! and the very interesting report, which is extremely useful to me myself in planning farther. The *School Guardian* notice will be exactly the right, and, I hope, generally usefullest one.

I never heard of such a *May Queen* dissolving in tears before! had it been only an *April Play-queen* I should not have wondered. But what is there to be put in tears? Were they not all

taken by surprise before on the very morning? I should have liked to hear the lecture to-morrow, but have had too much to do lately with Real Ghosts and Real Witches to venture my poor remains of unbewitched brain near any such subjects.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LVII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
April 26th, [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Difficulties about the Cross worse than last year! English workmen getting every day literally more stupid and less docile under the "iron heel of—*No* Despot-ism." I *may* be reduced to send you merely a pretty one out of Bond Street, but there's some chance of the hawthorn yet. Anyhow you shall have it on Saturday evening. Are there any conjectures or complots as to the Coming queen?

I forgot to say how glad I was that you had taken up St. Chrysostom,

though I am not so sure that his mother was better than the mothers of nearly all great and good men are. The best, I think, are those who send their sons away, not who want to keep them at home. In most cases this form of maternal love says more for the child than the mother. The Church's general consent is of course in the text "No man hath left Father or Mother," etc., but in modern days they had rather leave these than their cattle, and are little likely to leave anything for either God or Gospel.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LVIII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
April 29th, 1882.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The cross is just as far from what we meant as last year, but I'll have the one for next year made, D.V., before I leave London this spring, and the two first queens must be content to *be* the two first, though their crosses are, to me at least, more crosses than anything else. What the workman has meant by the roughening of the flowers, I must see him to ask. We may at least, ourselves at a distance, imagine it meant

for Dew! However, I hope people won't think it quite horrid, and that the new Queen* will forgive its going wrong because of my illness. Mrs. Severn's sister-in-law, (Mr. Severn's twin-sister) Mrs. Furneaux, and Miss Gale, whom I think you have already been kind to at Whitelands, are eager to come on Monday. I fear Mrs. Severn must not venture to come with them as at present she has to be very careful of herself as to over-fatigue. But I am sure good Miss Stanley would take care of her, and I shall try and get her to come.

Will you bring the Deposed Queen † to see me again? or will she come alone? I don't think she'll ever *feel* un-queened. But I do want to see both of you now that I'm a little come to myself. Any day would do, and

* Miss Gertrude Bowes was the second Whitelands College May Queen.

† Miss Ellen Osborne, the first (1881) May Queen.

JOHN RUSKIN.

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any time, if you give me advice a full day before.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

The Rev. J. P. Fauntleroy.

LETTER LIX.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.

May 2nd, 1882.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The whole of yesterday evening, and much of this morning, has been spent in various praise and marvelling by all my people who were with you and the girls yesterday, and I am very thankful in and about it all.

If the Queens will indeed grace me by coming to-morrow, far the best time will be to afternoon tea at 5, and I will send them home in my carriage. If the evening is at all fine the sunset here is very wonderful and lovely at this season, and the drive home over Clapham

Common by moonlight will be lovelier still. Let them take the nicest afternoon train there is so as not to be *later* than half past four, always supposing the day fine. If wet, or too stormy, it would be much wiser to wait till Thursday. On Saturday I shall expect *you* with no less pleasure, and also with some anxiety, for I don't yet at all understand how any of my books or principles can be made compatible with the general requirements of Modern Education and Examination.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LX.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
May 8th, [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

Your visit, with that of the Queens, gave me much to think of. I suppose, for one thing, the kind of girls who come to you start all under a serious necessity of labour. Those on the contrary whom I have known worked, a few only, in their own force of character, and the main body of the class were merely ciphers; while even of the workers some would always be vain, eccentric, or insolent. My *summary* of experience with girls is that the less they are educated the better! Of all

creatures with any stomachs for the forbidden fruit of Knowledge, *they* have the feeblest digestions!

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXI.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
May 23rd, [1882.]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I hope to find prettier things for Muriel at the next spadeful out of my stone heap than those sponges. But to-day I've only found things good for the boys, namely five characteristic quartz nodules out of trap rocks, the three smallest showing very neatly the three stages in formation of chalcedony; the fourth, greenish white and grey, is a pretty piece of Iceland chalcedony and quartz; and the flat one, I suppose a piece of a large nodule, is a really beautiful example of

spherical and stalactitic concretion of agate with superficial quartz. Nobody has ever explained this formation, but it has always a central rod or small molecule of interior *less pure* substance.

The Three Sirens shall be welcome to-morrow as these sweet days of summer.

Ever gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S. E.
May 25th, [1882.]

MY DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

The girls sang and played very sweetly and rightly, and much to my pleasure. But I think their code of songs might be placed higher for them and fixed more strictly. Of all they sang (except the Handel) there was only one song, *We had better bide a wee*, of fine standard, and it ought surely to be one of the chief functions of the college to enable the pupils to know, for good reasons, good music from bad.

Both Miss Florence and Miss Edith

can sing music requiring both power and precision, and I only found out what Edith's voice was capable of by trying her on rather difficult passages. I am sure you won't mind my choosing and sending them some things I should like them to learn. And the Devonshire cream will be very delightful to me if you'll bring Muriel to give me the lost kiss first.

Ever gratefully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I suppose they wouldn't tell you I was talking high treason about Physiology?

LETTER LXIII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
December 13th, 1882.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I was looking at a pretty letter of yours just now, written last April—no, April 1881—beseeching me “not to work overmuch,” and yet the moment you get hold of me again you want me to begin new work! For *any* republication of my old books must give me new thought of a peculiarly festering and consuming kind, and I answered quite stupidly and inconsiderately that *The Poetry of Architecture* might some day form part of my great series. Nothing is ever to go into that series

but the books which please me, and for which I am ready to answer. You might make a small octavo volume of *The Poetry of Architecture*, but I never would consent to republish the plates. I have thousands, literally that, tens of thousands of things by me which I would rather publish, and some of which I *must*. At present don't let us think of it; I have far more on my mind now than is good for me.

If the weather keeps mild I can come and see you and Miss Stanley and some of the girls, but must be very cautious of taking cold in London.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[January 24th, 1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I have only taken the Professorship * again in order to keep my hand on the helm, not to talk. They will be quite content to hear me read *Proserpina* or anything else I am doing, the real *business* I have to do is entirely regulating and simplifying things at present too chaotic, and keeping ugly things out of their way as far as I can—those venomous and ghastly black-line maps of yours for instance! Do you recollect saying that “I should try to like them” because you could interest

* The Slade Professorship.

any quantity of boys with them? So much, very sternly I say it, the worse both for the boys and you.

The first thing you have to do is to get good raised maps, with some approach to accuracy. Photograph those, and then let the eye find out for itself the principal masses.

The names in large maps should be extremely few, and increased gradually in the subdivided local ones. And every map should be *pretty* to the extent of its possibilities, both in colour, and in the types of letters chosen.

I hope the *Sesame and Lilies* experiment may turn out well. I ordered Foord to send for your kind keeping another large cabinet. Love to Miss Stanley.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[February 11th, 1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

You are great larks, you and Miss Irvine. She *is* queer, but so am I, and I've a notion she knows the meaning of *Fors* better than you do. It *does* accuse the Bishops of Simony for one thing, and roundly too! Why, my dear Chaplain, the entirely open way in which men are brought up to the Church for the sake of a living is of *all* our national sins, both to Carlyle and to me, perhaps the most impious!

Well, for the windows, we'll get them in some day or other. May will

soon be here, and I must begin thinking of the cross.

Ever your affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

February 13th, [1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

But if you look to the big edition of Johnson you will find *Simony* and *Simoniac* precisely as I use them. It is no sense of mine, though in *one* passage of *Fors Clavigera* I *add* the sense of the Simony which is *twice* d——d, being Simony upside down, and burning at both ends—namely, refusing the Holy Ghost unless one's paid to receive it.

It is no question of Judases among twelve. The entire Church is guilty when *one* advertisement of a living

to be sold appears in the *Times*, or when *one* Bishop ordains a booby whom he knows to be presented to him for the sake of a living.

All that I'm frightened about is that when some day or other you find out quite what *Fors does* mean, you won't let me inside your doors any more! I shall then have to pray Maidie to intercede for me at the Grove.

I'm looking out some more things for the Collection.

Ever your loving,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

February 16th, [1883.]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I think it's extremely lovely and sublimely virtuous of Mrs. Faunthorpe to side with me against you! but, since it is so, I leave myself in her hands—only answering your to-day's note, very seriously, that no man is answerable for the sins of others which he does not know, or which knowing he could not prevent. The Apostles were not answerable for the sin of Judas, but if Judas had advertised "The Lord to be Sold" in the *Palestine Times* they *would* have been, had the sale taken

place. But if nowadays people advertised the sale of a wife, or printed their intention to run away with anybody else's at a given date, or to commit murder, or arson, or aught else preventable by the Sheriff and Constables, I suppose the Sheriff and Constables would be responsible for the prevention; and if not they, everybody else who had nothing else to see to?

You unquestionably are not responsible for anything but your own useful and happy duties.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXVIII.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
Thursday,
[*March 14th, 1883.*]

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

You could not better help me, and all that you think right in my books, than by quietly arranging a General Index of the important topics, *Fors* being the basis, and the other political economy books collaterally given. The *Art* Index should be a separate book from the Economy and Manners index—*Manners* better than *Morals*, for I've never gone into Moral Philosophy—and all minor matters and things ignored. I doubt if this could

be done at all but with the kindly force and feeling that you could gather on it at Whitelands.

I am to see Mr. Jones to-morrow ; and I think, if you simply sent him the form and measure of the windows, that Mr. Morris's gout need not hinder him thinking of you.

I am pretty well, but perhaps a little feeling re-action after recent excitement at Oxford. Did not I carry off enclosed little book from the lecture room last year ?

Love to Maidie.

Ever your grateful and affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 20th, 1883.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

Of course I meant what *you* call Roman Catholic. I call the Church of England Cockney-Catholic (I beg pardon!) Here's your lovely private letter back again; I am only concerned with the official one, which shall have due attention.

Ever your affectionate,

J. RUSKIN.

I should like mightily to print Deacon Darby's too! Can't you ask his leave?

LETTER LXX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

July 10th, 1883.

DEAR FAUNTHORPE,

I only got yours of the 8th this morning. It is full of pathos to me, more awful than Lightning and Wreck, or children cast into death in heaps, and all that this age of ours does of cruelty, that passing away of the girl in her joy, her mother left.*

Curiously the enclosed from the son of my Oxford drawing-school master came together with yours, and had to be answered with congratulations. I

* The death of Mary Nairne, a candidate at White-lands, *Friday, July 6th, 1883.*

won't tell *Proserpina* a word of the wickedness in your second page, but perhaps you might sometimes find a sentence or two of *her* accompanying proof auxiliary! And, if you can in passing answer any of the questions about pith and sap, I should be most grateful.

Also, very solemnly, say to your audience in the outset that, whatever may be learned by boiling and dissecting, a plant *can* only be *seen* when it is *growing!*

All the daffodils were carried off from the shore of the lake below Brantwood by a single excursion party, last spring, and all the best of them by one boatful in this, merely because the animals *could* not look at the flowers without destroying them, and cared nothing for beauty they could not steal.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

St. Benedict, 1884.

[*March 23rd.*]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

It was very delightful to me to hear that the White girls (why bother with the 'lands'?) all knew what was the beginning of Education! There's a lot more about the 'Clean' coming in next *Fors*, but I've been in cloudland this last six weeks, and am only just getting out again.

I've a great plan for an exhibition of Miss Alexander's drawings, the ones done fresh during this year, at White-lands on the day of the queen. I

have undertaken to fix their prices and manage their sale (for the poor of Florence) that Miss Alexander herself may have no trouble, nor tiresome chaffering from dealers. May I say in my report for this year that this is to be so ?

I enclose a letter from a great friend of mine whom I've treated even worse than I do you. I wish you could see each other sometimes, and ease your hearts together ! and if you both agreed about anything you wanted, I'd try to do it, really !

Ever your affectionate and

Incorrigible

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 28th, 1884.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

This is a very pretty little libretto,* and will greatly gladden and please everybody. There are some quite new and true and nice bits in it—*Pearly* of the hawthorn, *Music frozen to repose* of painting, etc. Before it is printed I should just like a retouch or two, to stop the *hiss* of “primroses stars,” for instance; and I don’t understand what Hope means by gilding her watch. But on the whole it is

* The Libretto to Henrietta Bird’s (Jetty Vogel) *May Queen Cantata*.

extremely good, and I shall be very proud of the Common Dedication, and beg my best thanks to the writer.

I don't like your getting such a lot of medals : I believe it shows that you don't deserve them !

Ever your loving,

J. RUSKIN.

Perfectly lovely weather to-day, and I've been writing my notes on the *Priest's Office* for Francesca's book.* I think my Chaplain will be rather pleased.

* *The Roadside Songs of Tuscany.*

LETTER LXXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
July 1st, 1884.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

It was because I *did* know how the girls worked that I wrote ; you did not deserve the prizes.

Is not your postscript the saddest and severest ratification of my saying ? There was only that way for the poor girl to enter into Rest.* Teach them the way to *that* Strait Gate in Life, not in Death !

I never had the slightest understanding of that text you ask about ;

* One of the candidates at Whitelands died during Examination week, *June*, 1884.

and please remember the Pauline Epistles are to me in the New Testament what *Leviticus* is in the Old. I neither understand nor am bound by them. For me St. Paul's "if a man have long hair it is a shame unto him" is entirely false.

Read, for comment on it, the first great scene in *The Iliad*.

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

I begin to-day a lecture on the structure of the Rose.

LETTER LXXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

December 28th, 1884.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The enclosed is from the most generous of women, the main support of the St. George's Guild. But she never sends me a letter without a question in it needing the forenoon to answer. I think if any of the May Queens, or two or three of them together, would write her a rather detailed account of the Institution, they would find her one of the gladdest and gratefulest persons they ever did a kindness to.

That they may know the sort of person they're writing to, you may tell them she's a motherly, bright, black-eyed woman of fifty, with a nice married son who is a superb chess player. She herself is a very good one, and it's her greatest indulgence to have a written game with me.

She's an excellent nurse, and curious beyond any magpie that ever was, but always giving her spoons away instead of stealing them. Practically clever, beyond most women; but if you answer one question she'll ask you six!

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
January 18th, 1885.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I am a little, or perhaps may more gratefully say not a little, better, and have been very happy in the kindness of the good Queens to Mrs. Talbot, and in *her* pleasure in their letters.

You will find, I hope to-morrow, at Chelsea a box of small minerals, which begins the mineralogic store you must keep at the College for the Guild to distribute as we need them.

A certain number of select pieces shall be arranged for Whitelands itself, but I shall henceforward send all my

mineral purchases to be catalogued and registered by the girls, with the receipted accounts for them, to be kept till we have a "Safe" on our own territory for registers and documents. You will see in the *Report*,* at last (on Friday) passed for press, the need of such an orderly procedure.

The honest and obliging mineralogist Mr. Francis Butler, who will probably from this time be my chief caterer, lives at 180 Brompton Road, within easy call of you, and I should think might sometimes give the girls an informal lecture which would greatly help them.

Ever your loving and submissive

J. RUSKIN.

* *Report of St. George's Guild.*

LETTER LXXVI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

January 24th, [1885.]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The little drawing is one of my own, but not a good one, and Bayne is right in asking for another, but there are points in it which may be useful for a while with you. I was so glad of your pretty words about Newnham. I was just writing there to-day, and ordering from Allen books to go there as to Girton.

No, I haven't found out anything about land or dynamite. People are calling me too much or too little. I tell them true, but only what they

ought to have found out long before for themselves. They call me first a fool, then a prophet, till I begin to think myself sometimes that I've been 'translated' like Bottom !

Ever your affectionate

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[*January 27th, 1885.*]

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I am so glad of all your letters, chiefly of encouragement in *Our Fathers have told us*. I meant you to see all the lectures, but they got into such a mess nobody *could* see clear but myself, and the third was printed in a hurry to clear the type for new proof. However the Fourth shall not fail to come to you.

I wish I were prophet enough to tell them what to do now with these explosive persons; Women detectives, yes, but the primary detection of rogues

in Character before Deed! I think nobody but known honest people, signing their names, should be allowed in Tower or Parliament. Much more one could propose, if anybody would only do it!

Ever your loving

JOHN RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[January 30th, 1885.]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I am much set up by your wish for more of *Our Fathers*, but it isn't a book to go on with when one's tired. I hope you'll be content, with another *Proserpina* or so first, for I really mustn't lose the flowers this spring. Can any of the girls tell me where a passage is in a rather old lecture of mine, *War*, or *Iron*, or the like—*Future of England* perhaps—about destructive power being no power at all, but only that of a dead body or mildew spot.*

* The passage is to be found in *The Crown of Wild Olives*, Lecture i, *War*.

Have you Miller's *Mineralogy*, and could you make anything of a class for that science?

Ever your very grateful

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXIX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[February 15th, 1885.]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The accounts in the *Report** are my own only; all the regular accounts were presented at the meeting. They are made up by the Treasurer, with my comments, and shall be sent to you, and to the Companions, of course.

Botany!! My dear Chaplain,—I know that girls are taught to cut flowers to pieces—and all the world to pull them, whenever they see them!

I wish I could slap their fingers, and break their microscopes.

* The *Report* of St. George's Guild.

You shall have *such* a lot of things
to see through press, if you will make
a martyr of yourself, in a day or two.

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

Rev. J. P. Fauntleroy.

LETTER LXXX.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

[*March 12th, 1885.*]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

The vases, with some more soon to be sent, are for the College, not St. George. Also the Jameson *Mineralogy*. Jameson's *system* is absurd, but his descriptions simple and securely permanent. What he says will always be true.

You will soon now have the Pleasures, and Toils, of *Fancy*.* I think perhaps it may not be trespassing on you too far to send you all notes of

* *The Pleasures of Fancy*, being Part iv. of *The Pleasures of England*, published in *April, 1895*—previously delivered as a lecture at Oxford on *November 8th and 10th, 1884*.

errata like enclosed, and to tell Allen, whenever he is printing a new edition of anything, to refer to you, or the College generally, for final correction? I always lose these sort of notes at the moment they're wanted.

Ever yours affectionately,

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXXI.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

Sunday, March 15th, 1885.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I send you *The Pleasures of Fancy* to-day, most thankfully washing my hands of it, and most earnestly thanking you for all you are doing for me. That *Index to Fors Clavigera* must be awful! But it will be thrice the book, Index once done.

As for *Our Fathers have told us* being *my* work, it's all very fine! It's *yours*, mine is Political Economy, and Mineralogy, and Ornithology. I'm painting a Peacock's Feather, and putting up a packet of stones for you.

Ever your lovingest

J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXXII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 2nd, 1885.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

Those Sotherans were to send you the *Birds*—not the *Bill!**

So many thanks to girlies for lovely catalogues.

All the books I'm sending you now are for you to place, as time serves, where they may be of use to any one. I want to make Whitelands a centre of various school dispensation, especially in books, and soon in drawings, and the like.

* Gould's *Birds of New Guinea*, given by Mr. Ruskin to Whitelands College. See Letter xlvii., *ante*, p. 11.

Love to you and Mrs. Faunthorpe,
and most true thanks to you both for
all you've done for St. George and me.

Ever your grateful and affectionate

J. RUSKIN,

LETTER LXXXIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

April 22nd, 1885.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

Here are last two of first lot of books, I can't do any more to-day. Mrs. Severn cannot come on the 1st,* but a quite delightful, sympathetic, clever, motherly, children's playmate, and children's spoiler, a pathos-loving French lady, with all that's good of English in her too, given by her infinitely good-natured husband, *can* I believe come, and I am sure rejoicingly will, if she can.

* To the May Queen Festival.

JOHN RUSKIN. 83

Will you write saying it is by my
request to Mrs. Richard Searle,

Home Lodge,
Herne Hill,
S.E.

Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe.

LETTER LXXXIV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 3rd, 1885.

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

Indeed I am much more grateful for your letter than I should have been for the *Index* merely. How delightful it is to read of it all, and would have been to see! I'll try to take courage to come next year. It was very lovely, both for Mrs. Bishop and me, the Irish message coming.*

Ever your grateful

J. RUSKIN.

* A communication from Miss Martin, Head Mistress of the High School for Girls in Cork, announcing the establishment of a Rose Queen Festival there, and soliciting Mr. Ruskin's approval and aid. Miss Martin had been in former years a governess at Whitelands.—*See* Vol. I., p. 47.

LETTER LXXXV.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

May 6th, 1885.

MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,

How delightful and nice of you !
But, *1st June*. Whose or what day is
it ? Is it the May Queen crowned in
summer ? I'm afraid of confusing the
obtuse public's head !

I've written a long letter to the
Cork Queen to-day, referring to you
to countenance the views laid before
Her Majesty.

Ever your loving

J. RUSKIN.

Rev. J. P. Faunthorpe.

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LETTER LXXXVI.

HERNE HILL,
LONDON, S.E.
[*May 12th*, 1885.]

MY DEAREST CHAPLAIN,

Here's some proof for you to play with at last!* There was really no time to send anything this spring, I had to get it out anyhow. I haven't my own copy yet so can't compare your notes. You're wrong about eyebright, anyhow. It *is* the Euphrasy and *not* the Veronica. The Veronica *is* Bird's-eye, and may be Baby's-eye, and is a rare plant in the wide world of moors which I've rambled over these sixty

* Proof sheets of *Proserpina*, Part ix. [Part iv. of Vol. ii.], published in *May*, 1885.

years, and I believe my corrections are all right ! There ! As for mending as I grow older, myself, you needn't think of it !

Your loving
J. RUSKIN.

LETTER LXXXVII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.

June 16th, 1885.

MY DEAR CHAPLAIN,

I am greatly helped and obliged by your notes on the new part of *Proserpina*: you will see that they have, for the most part, been adopted. I have not worked out your former note on the corrections, but the 'beloved' mistake is only that it ought to be 'be loved'!

Can you find for me the meaning of the English word *Horehound*?

What you say of the Rose festival*

* The Rose Festival at Cork.—See *ante*, letter lxxxii.

is immensely nice, but I don't see why the effort should not have been begun ten years before, as I had hoped. My feeling about such things is never that God's way was different from what He showed me, but that the Devil put off *my* way as long as he could. Certainly it wasn't God's way that the poor girl should give all her money to an adventurer instead of St. George, and then have to be separated from him ! *

The enclosed note from Sheffield enables me to relieve you of the burden of the drawing of *St. Mark's*, which I have never liked leaving to the criticism of London. At Sheffield its use will be seen, and itself appreciated. Will you kindly at your leisure get Messrs. Foord to undertake its packing ?

Ever your loving and grateful

J. RUSKIN.

* The reference is to the young lady who had been induced by Mr. Ruskin to establish a May Queen Festival at Winnington Hall, Cheshire, but who was prevented by relatives from carrying out the project.—*See* Vol. i., p. 46.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

BRANTWOOD,
CONISTON, LANCASHIRE.
[June 19th, 1885.]

DEAR CHAPLAIN,

So many thanks for the *Horehound* note, and for the directions to Foord, &c. I will send you nicer things than that, though it pleases me greatly to know that the drawing has been pleasant to you, and admired.

Tell me the end of that poor girl's affair; *it* does not shock me, but it shocks me that you think a girl could love a scamp who had married her for her money.

Ever your loving
J. RUSKIN.

Rev. J. P. Fauntorpe.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

Address delivered by Mr. Ruskin at the Annual Meeting of the Arundel Society, Old Bond Street, on *June 22nd*, 1882, Lord Elcho in the Chair.*

After the formal business had been concluded, Mr. Ruskin was called upon by the Chairman to address the Meeting—which consisted of about six members of the Council, the Secretary, one lady, and some half-dozen gentlemen visitors, of whom Mr. Faunthorpe was one. Mr. Ruskin's words were taken down, as nearly as possible verbatim, by Mr. Faunthorpe, who has now generously placed his manuscript at my disposal—
T. J. W.

Mr. Ruskin, who looked fairly well, commenced by saying he had had a great joy lately. The British Museum Authori-

* This most interesting *Address* appears to have hitherto escaped all notice; it has never been printed, or even placed upon permanent record.

ties had allowed him to examine their Gems, and to number them, as he wanted, for his Sheffield Catalogue. He said : " It is four years since I had the pleasure of speaking in this room, and it appears to me there has been great quietness in the meetings ever since I left. Everything seems to have gone on better, and much more smoothly, since I left, and I think you have done very wrong in re-electing me. Everything has gone on perfectly and beautifully since I ceased to attend the meetings.

In this room are many very great treasures of Art, and I quite agree with Lord Elcho that they are not sufficiently seen of men. We are insured, I believe, for £14,000, and what we possess should certainly be rendered far more accessible. These pictures are records of work quite precious in every way, but especially in the steady value they bear in their protest against many tendencies of modern Art. In the direction in which modern Art is advancing I observe, with keenly increasing regret, the want of *seriousness*, the want of any *set purpose*, or, indeed, of any purpose at all.

In this year's Academy, for example, this stricture seems to me to apply to nearly every picture. The only picture that pretends to any Historic accuracy is Marks' *Lord Say brought before Jack Cade* (No. 242). The strangest tendency of modern English Art, and one from which, unfortunately, the Pre-Raphaelite School is not exempt, is towards affectation. Now all the pictures of the great times are absolutely free from affectation of any kind whatever. Even our Caricature is not free from it. A picture, Munkácsy's *Christ before Pilate*, exhibited just opposite to these rooms, for instance, is better than anything I ever expected to see in modern Art at all. In many points it is nearly as good as Tintoret.

All the pictures of the great times contain certain attitudes known to be beautiful, and these their Painters were content to reproduce. These attitudes originated in Byzantine Art, afterwards passing over to Italian. There is no seeking in any of them to attract attention by invention of new position or attitude.

When these pictures, the copies of which surround us on these walls, were

painted, the artist took his place in the school, and did his best, throwing his whole life and soul into his work. The subjects were all ready to his hand. But now if any man has any real power he is impelled first to weary himself in search for a subject, and then for a new method of treating it. But the grand subjects of the older artists were well suited to any picture, to any power. There is no affectation in one of them. That is the rock on which our modern Art is undeniably wrecking itself.

We certainly ought to be possessed of a gallery in which we might be able to exhibit the treasures we own, now hidden away, it seems to me, altogether from the view of men. But we have by their production done good work in more ways than one. We have enabled M. Grüner and others to educate a set of German workmen able to do anything tenderly and perfectly, far better, indeed, than I ever anticipated we should have been able to do. We are going on with our work, and we believe in it.

There is a great deal of Art talk in modern drawing-rooms. Much of this

might be rendered effective of good if those who know so much already would make a point of seeing what we have accomplished, and would, when they journey abroad, look out for things worthy our attention, and ask us to reproduce them.

The picture of a girl in the Grosvenor, ridiculed in *Punch* as *A—lass!* had great power in it—might have been anything in fact—but was spoiled by affectation.

I thank you," etc.

